

October Night

Leaves gutter frosted
streets, your hair

doublecrossing
moonlight. Pumpkins seethe

mists that trees finger, black
wind sucking our traitorous breath.

Old Spice

*A Strap-Undershirt-Summer: broadcast
ing aromas where-ERE I go.
"Who wuUZZZZZZZ that aro-
matic man?"*

One and Two

Even in the measliest life
Beauty won't rush past always,

but fall into your arms,
leaving everything
to you.

Recall the dance as slower
with the desert sifting back,
and in that trance

know love never entirely
dessicates,a trace
element when scanned.

Outside In

Answering menace we invent.
Love for one,courage for another.
Lust for both. What's

between us we
are joined against.

Are they still around,such raging foes?
question loses breath

The

in our so-revolving sweetness,

in our acid,dripping pain.